PAMPHLET FILE

Tribute to Donors of Park And Chamber of Commerce

BY MAX EHRMANN.

Upon this grassy, water margined ground,
Beneath these lovely trees, that rise so high,
Will many children's voices wild resound
Till in the West the summer day shall die.

Here many a youth will whisper love sincere,
And blooming maidens blush at lovers' ways.
Here wanderers will rest and have no fear
Ambitious youth will dream of mighty days.

The smooth and gentle river's endless flow,
The magic amber of the setting sun,
The trees through which the cooling breezes blow,
Will sooth the weary when the day is done.

Alike the young and swift, the old and slow,
The rich and poor—here all shall equal stand.
Here seaward they will watch the river flow,
Here will their human sympathy expand.

To men grown stooped and gray in after years,
This lovely place will be a hallowed spot,
When memory still the crooning river hears,
And childhood's wonderous days are unforgot.

To them who gave this ground for public weal,
In war's grim days of strain and stress,
I speak the gratitude the living feel,
The thanks the yet unborn will oft' express.

not dated

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REFERENCE

DePauw University Centennial Ode

—Written By MAX EHRMANN

June 20, Terre Haute Sunday Star)

(DePauw University has been celebrating its Centennial. More than a year ago the University commissioned Max Ehrmann to write the Centennial Ode. It was magnificently read by Professor Dewey Annakin, on Alumni Day at Greencastle before an audience of three thousand persons. We publish it here by permission.—Editor's Note.)

MAX EHRMANN,
Author.

DEWEY ANNAKIN,
Reader.

Alma Mater is speaking:

Your Alma Mater speaks, my Children everywhere,
Whose steps have wandered round the girdle of the earth.
In thought return to me and hear, while I lay bare
My heart, that we may have a glorious rebirth.

Can it be true a hundred years have slipped away
Since first I nursed to thought your forebears in this place!
I marvel much how many loved me in their day,
I sent them forth so ill-prepared to run the race.

Had I the tears, now could I weep when I recall
How sometimes new-discovered truth filled me with fright;
The while my Children, drinking falsehood's bitter gall,
Trudged, footsore, over trackless wastes in moonless night.

I failed in many things; but in the task supreme
I did not fail. Than this, what greater gift to make:
Into receptive minds I place a lovely dream,
To guide their steps until their bonds with life shall break—

A lovely dream to make of earth a paradise!
The times are new, the problems new. Let us bring light,
Through love and learning make a worthy sacrifice
For men and women wandering in their hopeless night.

What is this thing called learning if it lead nowhere
But to the shrill harangues of parlor dissonance?
Wake up, far-scattered Sons and Daughters, do your share
To turn the sordid scenes of life into romance!

Think you these sturdy pioneers who gave me birth
Were babblers in a super-heated drawing-room?
In high sincerity they trod the sunlit earth.
Shall we today sit listless in a cloistered gloom?

undred years of love and labor made
his place;

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN.

BY BLANCHE HAMMOND CAMP.

[Mrs. Camp, Boonville poet, has given The Sunday Star special permission to print this poem. Mrs. Camp is to read the poem at services to be conducted at the grave of Abraham Lincoln's mother—Nancy Hanks Lincoln—at Lincoln City Wednesday—Lincoln's birthday. The services will be conducted by the Boonville Press Club, Indiana Lincoln Union and Southwestern Indiana Civic Association.]

A woman pioneer, heroic through great sacrifice,
No splendid pomp or royal robe were of her life a part.
Her home, a crude log-hewn cabin in an unchartered land,
But golden grandeur lay deeply cloistered in her heart;
A labor-tried soul, submerged by simple, homely things.
With fortitude she met privations that obscured her way;
Patiently she kept bright embers of motherhood aglow
When mystic shadows caught and blurred the hut at end of day.
She was endowed with rare intelligence of humanity;
Beneath a homespun dress there pulsed an innate understanding.
The universe still feels the force of her ageless power.
Influence of her brief life will always be commanding.
O mother of Lincoln, revered by all.

Unknowingly she cradled a nation's fate close in her arms
And left to us a priceless legacy—the son she bore.
Undaunted he, the wayfinder, kept faith and nobly built
A foundation for freedom that will last forever more.
Through primal days, crucial years of war and tragedy,
Her spirit, radiant with measureless immensity,
Inspired and guided this courageous, fearless man
With love of country moulded into divine intensity.
Only the wind's poignant eloquence was her funeral dirge.
Sequestered in a quiet world, cloaked with exquisite jade,
Upon a hallowed knoll there stands her consecrated shrine,
Where choiring birds rehearse at dawn an anthem unafraid.
Here, protected by fragrant spruce and tall cathedral trees,
One can conjure the lonely hour when on this sacred sod
A man, athirst for childhood's scenes, returned to humbly pray,
And his great soul was lifted with an urgent sense of God.
O mother of Lincoln, revered by all.

A web of stars enfolds the earth with mellow candleshine,
That weaves a magic spell above her thrice-blest mortal dust,
Etching nature's magnificent pattern of Deity.
Indiana will proudly guard and keep this sacred trust.
Let us turn back a seared and yellowed page of history,
When all the country mourned the hour of Lincoln's martyrdom,
And vision this loyal mother at eternity's gate—
Exalted, triumphantly waiting for his soul to come.
Dare we, the people of today, forget to honor her
Who had the wisdom of sages without the world's acclaim?
It was not chance that she gave life to this leader of men,
But destiny building cornerstones for the Hall of Fame.
We will raise high for her the torch of truth and loyalty.
Our hearts remembering will cherish this great open space
Where mortals stand in humbleness as at an altar rail—
This spot that holds at eve the hush of God upon its face.
O mother of Lincoln, revered by all.

Life's Journey

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1855-1919)

As we speed out of youth's sunny station,
The track seems to shine in the light,
But it suddenly shoots over chasms
Or sinks into tunnels of night.
And the hearts that were brave in the morning
Are filled with repining and fears,
As they pause at the City of Sorrow
Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
The hand of the Master has made;
With all its discomforts and dangers,
We need not be sad or afraid.
Paths leading from light into darkness,
Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
Wind out through the tunnels of midnight
To fields that are blooming and fair

Though the rocks and the shadows surround us,
Though we catch not one gleam of the day,
Above us fair cities are laughing,
And dipping white feet in some bay.
And always, eternal, forever,
Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
All roads unite here when they end;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
All rival lines meet here and blend.
All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,
If stolen or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble,
Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward,
And rush down the track of the years.
Whatever the place is you seek for,
Whatever your game or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing,
To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
With joy and delight at the helm.
You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
With those who have loved you the best,
And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
You shall find in the City of Rest.

D. A. T.

P. M. S. also sent a copy.

At Carcassonne—An Answer

By William F. McCormac

My hair is gray with sixty years
And vestiges of travail dire;
The futile cares, the wasted tears,
And oh, the unappeased desire!
Vain longing for a far-off thing;
The course of life is nearly run,
And there's a place where robins sing—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne!

There is a place where robins sing,
Far off amid the hills of blue;
Where sheep-bells answering sheep-bells ring
And woodlands echo the cuckoo.
See, from the city gate the way
Winds upward whitening in the sun;
My heart has gone there many a day—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne!

And there's a cot with roof of thatch
And walls as white as matin snow,
Unlocked the door and free the latch
To let who'er will come and go.
Red roses at the window-sills
And climbing grapes in clusters dun—
Far off, far off amid the hills—
But I am still at Carcassonne,
But I am still at Carcassonne!

Ah, here the wheel of commerce flies,
The freighted barge, the wagon bent,
The bags and bales of merchandise,
The cavilling for a tarnished cent;
The boulevards, the granite streets,
The lights in tawdry tangle spun,
And Life a masque of poor deceits—
I know too much of Carcassonne,
I know too much of Carcassonne!

Thus mused at Carcassonne one day
A bishop (or a general);
The morrow found him on the way
That leads to where the robins call,
And in the heart of mountains blue
There came a hoary-headed one
Who said in tears, "My life I rue—
Ah, had I lived in Carcassonne,
Ah, had I lived in Carcassonne!"

MOTHER EARTH

BY MAX EHRMANN

I AM the dawn, the whisper of winds, the perfume of morning.

The passing night fondled me, hovering close to me, softly, silently.

The breaking day builds the spirit temple of my joy. I abandon myself!

It seems to me that never before have I walked with the spirit as now, nor overcome space, time and the elements as I overcome them now.

I would liquefy myself to mingle my substance with the clouds and creep into the crannies of the good earth.

I caress the good earth—lie upon it for hours, my body at full length. I converse with it; and the language is more articulate than the language of men. It is my mother, and the mother of my sisters and brothers, the grass and the trees, and all breathing and breathless living things—the great mother ever blooming!

I would comb her hair with my fingers, and dry my lips upon her cheek, and beat her with gentle blows of affection, and press my limbs against her.

Insane, egotistical rapture! mirth inspiring!

For a few hours here in the still morning I wash myself clean of civilization, and purge myself of things and the accumulated rubbish of time.

I push back history, dismiss interpreters, and stand erect before the dawn, looking the universe in the face, and asking my own questions.

Tomorrow I shall return to the human wheels; but now I defy the world of customs and laws, of sophistry and serfdom; and I yield myself childlike to the light and the air and the sweet-scented dew of mother earth.

A bird flies through the sky, and I fly with it. I am in each pearl of moisture sparkling in the sun. I lie lazy on the clouds. And I acknowledge my kinship with each winged thing.

I see all as one, and nothing repels me, as this new day climbs noiselessly out of the valley of night.

Peace lies over the world and over the world of my soul.

SPINES WANTED.

From Curly Shingles

By Tramp Starr

tain,
And they gave official blessing
(Nine to six official blessings)
To the plans of coming warfare.

* * *

Hiawatha, noble sachem,
Gathered to his lodge his people,
To the lodge of the Blue Eagle,
Sacred standard of the battle.
Forth they sallied armed with "mandates"
(New invented type of hatchet)
To assail the lowly Flatfeet.

* * *

You all know this saga's ending,
How the Flatfeet rose in frenzy,
And they smote the ultra-red skins,
Smote them from the land forever.
And their sachem Hiawatha
Dwells alone upon the Hudson
With his squaws and his papooses.
Now his tribe is always peaceful,
Ruled by nine respected prophets,
By a chief, and by a council,
Harmonized in different power.
And the Ethiopotomac
Runs untroubled from its sources,
Laughing, in its bubbling eddies,
At the dreams of men and horses
Of the misled Hiawatha.

There's trouble lurkin' everywhere
That I have ever been—
Think likely, too, we got our share,
Town I'm a-livin' in—
Got worries on most every hand,
An' sickness in some parts,
An' poverty to beat the band,
An' likely, busted hearts—
Main thing we're shy on, seems, is jes'
A ton or so of cheerfulness.

Don't reckon my town's any worse
Than thousands you could pick—
'Peers like the whole blame universe
Got tarred off the same stick—
Think people mostly rave an' cuss
At sorrow an' at strife—
Forgettin' trouble's born with us,
An' when it's done—so's life!
Ain't smart enough to know a laugh
Will cut our worries down to half.

Ain't sayin' there's not tragedy
That's mighty dark an' deep—
Things bound to come—have come to me,
Make anybody weep—
Leave gashes even time won't heal,
Least-ways without a scar—
But them's the hurts that folks conceal,
An' carry, light an' far—
God, seems like, always totes a share,
When trouble gets too hard to bear.

Can't see no sense in givin' in
When troubles weigh us down—
Forgettin' how to laugh, or grin,
Face achin' with a frown—
Head bowin' under every blow
That fate can put acrost—
Heart takin' every grief in tow,
That looks like it was lost—
Peers like, to me, when folks is grown,
They ought to have a spinal bone.

Dad-gum, it looks like folks would say,
I'm sick of ole man gloom—
Think I'll jes' histe him out today,
Give cheerfulness his room—
Think we'd get mighty tired of groans,
An' foolish tears that's fell—
An' stiffen up our spinal bones
An' laugh at life a spell—
Find, likely, fightin' trouble's fun,
A-leavin' God our biggest one.

'Way Back in Indiana.

You may talk about the Southland, where the balmy breezes blow
Over fields in Alabama, where the cotton blossoms grow,
Or of California's sunshine, where the roses ever bloom,
In one grand eternal summer, shedding out their sweet perfume.
There's another scene that thrills me, springing from the fading years;
'Tis my early home of childhood, where I, through life's joy and fears,
Heard the moaning and the sighing of the wind blow through the corn,
'Way back in Indiana, at the place where I was born.

Oh, it seems I hear the music of the birds among the trees,
And the chatter of the guineas, and the humming of the bees—
See the same old mellow moonlight, in the orchard by the lane—;
Hear the splashing of the raindrops beat against the window pane,
See the wavy golden wheat fields, and the meadow by the road—
Making hay while it was sunshine, riding on the "biggest" load—
Smell the apple dumplings cooking—[illegible] hear the dinner horn,
'Way back in Indiana, at the place where I was born.

[illegible] like bubbles, drifting out upon the air,
For one moment glow with splendor, then they fly, we know not where,
But the scene is so enchanting—somehow all comes back today,
Though I'm almost at the hilltop and my hair is turning gray,
Still I see the picture plainly (now the place is in decay),
And the ones that used to gather round the hearth are far away.
But you'll find me when the trumpet blows on resurrection morn,
'Way back in Indiana, at the place where I was born.

—J. Morris Widdows.

The Gypsy's Warning.

Do not trust him, gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet;
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Gently pleading at thy feet.
Now, thy life is in its morning,
Cloud not this, thy happy lot;
Listen to the gypsy's warning,
Gentle lady, trust him not!

Do not turn so coldly from me;
I would only guard thy youth
From his stern and withering power,
I would only tell thee truth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Save thee from the tempter's snare;
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned thee—now beware!

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Pure and bright, and like thee, fair,
But he wooed and wooed and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care;
Then he heeded not her weeping,
Nor cared he her life to save;
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Keep thy gold, I do not wish it!
Lady, I have prayed for this,
For the hour when I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss;
Gentle lady, do not wonder
At my words so cold and wild:
Lady, in that green grave yonder
Lies the gypsy's only child.

Reply—

Do Not Heed Her Warning.

Lady, do not heed her warning,
Trust me, thou shalt find me true,
Constant as the light of morning
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love or cherish
In this world of storm and blast;
E'en the stars that gleam above thee
Shine the brightest in the night;
So would he who fondly loves thee
In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark green willow weeps,
Where the leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps;
In the morn a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours;
Lady, he's no heartless ranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Lay thy soft, white hand in mine,
For I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine!
When the silver moonlight brightens
Thou shalt slumber on my breast,
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

Oh, quick to read the lightest touch
Of beauty or of truth,
Rich in the thoughtfulness of age,
The hopefulness of youth,
The courage of the gentle heart,
The wisdom of the pure,
The strength of finely tempered souls
To labor and endure!

The blue of springtime in your eyes
Was never quenched by pain;
And winter brought your head the crown
Of snow without a stain.
The poet's mind, the prince's heart,
You kept until the end,
Nor ever faltered in your work,
Nor ever failed a friend.

You followed through the quest of life,
The light that shines above
The tumult and the toil of men,
And shows us what is love.
Right loyal to the best you knew,
Reality or dream.
You ran the race, you fought the fight,
A follower of the gleam.

We lay upon your folded hands
The wreath of asphodel;
We speak above your peaceful face
The tender word farewell!
For well you fare, in God's good care,
Somewhere within the blue,
And know, today, our dearest dreams
Are true,—and true,—and true!

—Henry van Dyke.

the bank.

J. W. S.—A friend kindly sends the poem you asked for, as written by Josie E. Hunt, and says it was written in 1867 by Miss Celia Gardener, then under twenty years of age. John C. Ridpath, the historian, thought so much of the poem that he had an edition printed on white satin, and Whittier wrote of it and its young author that she had truly mastered the secret of English. We are unable to furnish any information concerning either of the alleged authors.

YOU KISSED ME

You kissed me! My head dropped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotions my tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame from my heart to my cheek.

Your arms held me fast.
Oh! your arms were so bold,
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold;
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from this rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will
In delicious joy for a moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness outside of your arms,
And were I this instant an angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown
To nestle once more in that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine, my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man foolish with wine
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there if death
Would but come while my lips were yet moist with your breath;
If I might grow cold while your arms clasped me round in their passionate fold,
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here would you kiss me again?

sion and the voice of the representatives of the American nation shall applaud your valor, as your general now praises your ardor."

A Reader—Please print the little poem, by Kipling, "If We Knew." Kipling did not write a poem with that title. He wrote one entitled "If," and Mrs. May Riley Smith wrote "If We Knew." Here is the latter:

IF WE KNEW OUR BLESSINGS OF TODAY

If we knew the woe and heartache
That await us on the road;
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste today in wishing
For a time that ne'er may be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff tomorrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of baby fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah! those little ice cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along the backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns but roses,
For the reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet voiced birds have flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth today;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of today,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from the way.

—Mrs. May Riley Smith.

Indiana.

August 30, 1913.

I never hear a feller git to braggin' 'bout his state,
But what I git to squirmin' an' I jus' can't hardly wait
To tell him where I come from, an' where I was born an' riz,
'Cause I allow that my state's every bit as good as his.
'Twas here in Indiana I first saw the light of day
In Brookville, Franklin county,—right smart town, too, by the way,—
An' jus' about as pretty as you'll find upon the map,
All nestled in a valley like a baby in a lap.

She may not be the oldest in the bunch, this state of mine,
She ain't the biggest, either; but in many ways she'll shine
As bright as any of 'em, for she's never fell down yet
A-holdin' of her end up, an' she never will, you bet!
Her pioneers was sturdy an' God-fearin', brave an' true,
We little know the hardships an' the suff'rin's they went through;
But in our hearts we'll cherish, aye, forever an' a year,
The record of their triumphs, an' we'll hold their mem'ries dear.

I'm proud of Indiana fer a lot o' things she's done;
Look how it was way back there in the days of sixty-one
When Lincoln called fer soldiers; why, she didn't hesitate,
But sent 'em by the thousands, an' she ranked the fifth best state,
An' in the farmin' business she's right there with both her feet,
A-standin' fourth fer raisin' corn, an' eighth fer raisin' wheat;
An' as fer population, it beats all I ever seed,
She holds ninth place at present, an' she's growin' like a weed.

An' when it comes to statesmen [illegible] tributed her share,
Ben Harrison fer four years [illegible] dential chair;
An' four times has the country [illegible] fer second place—
First there was Schuyler C[illegible] Hendricks made the rac[illegible]
The next was Charlie Fairb[illegible] Marshall's in today,
A-doin' mighty well, too, an' [illegible] more to stay.

FAVORITE POEMS

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS, who wrote the stirring and oft-quoted poem, "The Tempest," was not only an author and a versifier but one of the foremost publishers of his day as well. He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 31, 1817, and at the age of 17 went to work as an assistant in a Boston bookseller's shop, where he acquired a love for literature and was thrown in contact with literary men. From 1862 to 1870 he was editor of the Atlantic Monthly, and after his retirement from that post he devoted himself to lecturing and writing. He died in Boston April 24, 1881.

THE TEMPEST

We were crowded in the cabin,
  Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
  And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
  To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
  Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
  For the stoutest held his breath
While the hungry sea was roaring
  And the breakers talked with Death.

And thus we sat in darkness,
  Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
  As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
  As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
  Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
  And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
  When the morn was shining clear.

Elizabeth Mussey Eustis

"For the tree of the field is man's life."
She, whom we miss, was like a tree.
A tree securely planted,
And beautifully growing;
Spreading, wide-flung,
Its ministry of love,
A firm support
For all who leaned
Upon its strength.
Its leaves danced lightly
With the merry winds
To music of their rhythms.
A tree that grandly
Stood erect
Though sorely tempest-tossed.
Disastrous storms
But sent its roots
Down deeper,
And opened larger vistas
For sunlight to shine through.
It is not strange
That such a tree,
So beautifully growing,
Should be selected
For transplanting.
It is not strange
It has been taken
To adorn another place.
There, in a fairer country,
It will live on,
Still beautifully growing
To perfection.
Not empty is the place
Where once in beauty
Stood the remembered tree,
For flowers fill it,—
Red roses, violets,
Mignonette,
They sweetly speak her name.

M. C. R.

INDEPENDENCE DAY—BY MAX EHRMANN

LET US CELEBRATE this great day. But why glorify past wisdom if we are foolish now! Let us celebrate this great day by a new declaration.

For more than a century and a half the philosophy of freedom has been dinned into the ears of mankind. There is now so much freedom that no one is free. Where every one may do what he pleases, no one can do what he pleases.

Let us have a new declaration, a declaration of discipline, order and consideration for others, a declaration of dependence. While proclaiming our rights, let us not forget our duties. True freedom is the fruit of social and individual discipline.

Sentimental judges, juries and parole boards are among the enemies of true freedom. Selfishness in high places and recklessness everywhere make us a whirlwind heading for catastrophe. Where discipline can not be taught, let the iron hand take hold.

A strong, happy, useful nation is a disciplined nation; disciplined not in the interest of groups, but in the interest of all citizens. This is true democracy.

In commemorating the heroic resolve of our forefathers to free themselves from foreign tyranny, let us today resolve to free ourselves from the tyranny of domestic chaos.

Roosevelt, Smashing Precedent, At the Golden Jubilee Dinner

Borah Recites Theme Song.

An unsuccessful attempt to give the country back to the Indians was introduced by Senator Borah, reciting in Hiawatha manner, the theme song of the Indians who were "Off the Reservation:"

By the shores of Getcha Givme
By the broad Potomac water
Stands the wigwam of the Indians
Who are off the reservation.
From the South Dakota Bad Lands
From the wild grass of Nebraska,
From the Idaho potatoes,
And the cheese vats of Wisconsin
Come the warriors of loud voices,
Fond of hearing their own voices,
With their frequent repetitions
And their wild reverberations,
Shouting, "Whither are we drifting?"

Borah's tribesmen were Big Chief Hugh Johnson, who operated a typewriter in his wigwam, and Big Chief McCarran. When Secretary Perkins and NRA Chairman Richberg appeared, the Indians hid. The message from President Roosevelt brought them back to the scene.

The Indians refused to take back the country, singing to the tune of "No! No! A Thousand Times No!"

He is the New Deal creator,
He's known as Franklin D.
He is the great dictator,
Who owns the whole country.
Now the New Dealers have shuffled the pack,
He finds they've just cut a deuce;
He wants the Indians to take it back,
But he will find it's no use!

No!

No! No! A thousand times no!
You can not give us this mess.
No! No! A thousand times no!
We'd rather die than say yes.

When Franklin's ancestors landed
Only the Indians were there.
Those Dutch were all open-handed,
Made a New Deal they thought fair.
They bought New York for some beads, so folks say,
History tells of the trade,
In view of the worth of a dollar today
Those Indians were much overpaid!

Washington founded this Nation,
Jefferson gave it a name;
Hamilton helped its creation,
Adamses helped it to fame.
Jackson and Cleveland and Wilson did much
To help it survive, somehow,
In spite of the Hardings and Hoovers and such—
But heavens, just look at it now!

The Head Rodent Appears.

While the chorus sang "The Rats Have Come to Town," three characters appeared on the stage. The Burgomaster inquired of the first if his name was Long.

"Yes sir. I am the head rodent around here. These others are just amateur cheese chasers. I want rich cheese—the Rockefeller roquefort, that Couzens camenbert, that Guggenheim gorgonzola, and when I get it, I'll wrap it up in small bundles and pass it around."

"So your's are the fingerprints that are found in all our best pantries," a burgher observed. "What a cute little rat he is after all."

This prompted a soloist and chorus to sing "Tiny Little Fingerprints."

Tiny little fingerprints are all around the house,
Fingerprints of Moscow and of Rome,
Tiny little mischief-maker, busy as a mouse,
But still he sings of "Home, Sweet Home."
Tiny little fingerprints upon the White House pane,
On the door and more upon the chair,
What's the good of scolding when it seems to be in vain,
For we can always find them there.

Though things begin to tumble,
As he toddles along.
We have no right to grumble,
The Kingfish can do no wrong.

Tiny little fingerprints that point to '36,
Every one as artful as can be,
Tiny little fingerprints that put us in a fix,
Are just a great big smudge to me.

Coughlin Won't Talk.

Senator Coughlin refused to make a speech because no microphone was present, but Father Townsend promised that each person on reaching the age of 50 would be given $500 a month, a pilot's license and a pair of polo ponies.

"If arteriosclerosis is present," he added, "a record of Reval's Bolero and a rhumba teacher will be thrown in."

The Pied Pipe of the Potomac arrived on the scene, playing "Happy Days are Here Again." It had no effect on the rats. A burgher remarked that if he could believe in miracles, he would believe in the piper, since the piper had put the country in debt to the tune of $30,000,000,000

This caused a soloist to burst forth with "I Believe in Miracles."

I believe in miracles,
Strange as it may be,
No wonder I'm hysterical,
At his exploits numerical,
Since '33.

He can work a miracle,
Right before your eyes,
At sight of him I seem to see
Houdini walk right up to me,
From out the skies.
Some magical power
Makes us believe in his skill,
In one radio hour,
He can convince us but who pays the bill?

Oh! I believe in miracles,
Yes, indeed, I do!
We'll watch him do his famous tricks,
Again in 1936,
Like '32.

The piper tried several tunes in vain to entice the children and the rats. Long asked all children who wanted to share the wealth to raise their left hands. All hands went up. With this assurance he sang "Louisiana Hay Ride" and called the roll.

Get goin', Louisiana hay ride!
Get goin', we all is ready!
Start sumpin', Louisiana hay ride!
No use fo' callin' de roll.
Oh, we'll have such sport,
Ev'y man a king!
(Doesn't mean a thing, Oh! Oh!)
Fo de time is short,
Crack yo' little whip!
Soon you'll get a tip to go!
Start sumpin', Louisiana hay ride!
No foolin', we all is ready!
Get goin', Louisiana hay ride!
No use fo' callin' de roll!

MAY ISSUE,
— 1937 —

LET US SING

J. GRAYDON JEFFRIES,
Founder.

HELEN M. SALITROS — — Editors — — KEN F. HUGHES

A Farewell

By Harriet Monroe

Good-bye!—no, do not grieve that it is over,
The perfect hour;
That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
Flits from the flower.

Grieve not—it is the law. Love will be flying—
Yes, love, and all.
Glad was the living—blessed be the dying;
Let the leaves fall.

Parting

By Alice Freeman Palmer
(From "A Marriage Cycle")

Dear Love, it was sa hard to say Good-bye today!
You turned to go, yet going turned to stay!
Till suddenly at last you went away.

Then all at last I found my love unsaid,
And bowed my head;
And went in tears up to my lonely bed.
Oh, would it be like this if you were dead?

—

9. 8. (New Series.) These are the verses desired. S. G. F.

I'm Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down

Playmates were they, girl and lad,
She's home today, lad feels sad;
Doctor who calls, whispers low:
"When the last autumn leaves fall then she must go."
Lad with a fear, climbs a tree,
"I'll keep her here," murmurs he;
Big man in blue sternly cries:
"What are you doing there?" Lad replies:

"I'm tying the leaves so they won't come down,
So the wind won't blow them away;
For the best little girl in the wide, wide world
Is lying so ill today.
Her young life must go when the last leaves fall,
I'm fixing them fast so they'll stay;
I'm tying the leaves so they won't come down,
So Nellie won't go away."

Sad mother grieves day by day,
Watching the leaves, hears boy say:
"You mustn't cry for you see
I've tied all the leaves fast upon the tree."

FURROWS

Broken skies,
And the spirit of the ploughman
At peace with his work
Follows the great flanks of spring winds.

Set your plow deep,
When you plow for planting.
Set it deep against the wash of rains,
If you expect the best,
And no half measures.
Thus my father spoke;
And let your love go deep also.

Drought came to his land;
The grain shriveled on the stalk.
Love gave him three sons
To fare on coarse bread, plain as the law
Of a straight furrow.
The hands of one rubbed smooth
The handle of the plow;
His eyes grew dull from looking in hte sun.
Another sighted life down the trenches,
And his light failed at noon;
He was buried with honors.
While one has done nothing more
Than to see the vision
Of the deep-set plow,
Of love, deep-set,
And broken skies.

J. Graydon Jeffries.

ONCE

Just once I held a blazing star enmeshed
Within the net belief you let me spin.

Your smile was life, your liquid voice refreshed,
At your caress the world and all therein
Was mine. Ah! Then the earth could not contain
The wild free thing your touch released in me.
For I have lived—have lived and not in vain!
Down through the halls of new eternity
My song shall ring, my spirit venture far

For once I wove a net that held a star.

David Raymond Innes.

KITE HUNG IN A TREE

First like a living bird you flew,
And if the wind had had its way
You might have reached the curds and whey
Of those Spring clouds against the blue.

But something failed. Perhaps the string
Snarled in a small impatient hand—
The wavering tail was not well-planned
To set you neatly balancing;

And then, arch enemy of kites,
A tree has caught you in its hold,
Too high, too frail, however bold
A climber dares to win your heights.

A captive, still you watch the skies.
A light wind wakes; you tug, you strain--
Well, what has soared, though leashed again,
Is yet most gallant in my eyes!

Jeannie Pendleton Hall.

WORDS

Words—
Sprayed on smooth white sheets,
Riding the presses—
Thousands of words
In a click of the clock!

Words—
Sliding from glib tongues,
Bowled to calloused ears
Down radio alleys,
Hour after hour.

When shall men find the needle of Truth
In the chaff of words
Blown endlessly from stacks—
Only when they feel the prick?

Louise Leighton.

THE RIVER GOD

Today I saw the River God beneath a willow tree
Grubbing at the roots with a red, watery hand.
Gently he unlaced them to the rain swollen current,
Gently, so gently, that he didn't break one.

Kingsley Tufts.

WHERE SANDS BLOW

Here, undertake no rhyme
Of spring's renasence after winter's rune:
What is the pregnant, budding time
To this bare dune?

Nor is this where we stand
If constancy would be our song's intent:
Futile to seek in shifting sand
Its testament.

Accept them as they are,
The pawn of mirthful wind, or tempest shock,
But find song's pattern in a star,
Or granite rock!

Ethel Johnston McNaught.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Why should I sigh
When to my heart
your words are given as dripping honey?
I can listen
knowing no regrets,
remembering
a slender glass
filled with sour wine. . .

Marion Sartorious.

BERRY PICKING

When it's berry time in Arkansas
And the swallows dot the sky,
The berry pickers 'wagons
Come slowly rattling by.
They crawl out of the North Wind,
They fade to South and West
To keep a tryst with Springtime
Beyond the mountain crest.
I watch them from my window
Go wobbling on their way—
Black shadows in the moonlight,
Bright caravans by day.
And some are painted gaily,
And some are drab and dull,
But all those gipsy wagons
Are queerly beautiful.
For though a mule may pull it,
And the canvas top be torn,
Each man must love his wagon,
For there his young are born.

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

With the T. P. A.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved
The husband and mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed,
So the multitude comes, even these we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been,
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died!—Aye, they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! Hope and despondency, pleasure and pain
We mingle together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THIS HIGH RESOLVE

July 4 p. 39

A Fourth of July Sonnet

I OFTEN sit alone at night and read
Our Country's history, and note how few
Have been the times she has not tried to do
Some justice to the people's common need,
Proclaiming ever nobler public creed,
Enacting moral insight ever new.
Yet often backward she has been, 'tis true,
To smite the mob or smite the palm of greed.
Still other fevers must our land endure.
But in her basic law is written clear
The means—Democracy—her ills to cure.
My Countrymen, this high resolve hold dear:
No revolutionists, however sure
In subtle sophistry, are needed here!

MAX EHRMANN

For Remembrance
By Amelia Josephine Burr

Give me at our parting
No flowers that fade,
Give me no keepsake
Another's hands have made,
Nor the singing silence
Of a final kiss.
Give me for remembrance
Nothing less than this:
To know your heart more swift to feel,
Your eyes more clear to see,
Your hands more strong to serve earth's need
Because of me.

The Parting Hour
By Edward Pollock, a California Poet, Jan. 6, 1867

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart,
Yet kindred, comrads, lovers, friends
Are fated all to part.
But this I've seen, and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
than those leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or blank frontier,
To solitude or war.
Still something cheers the heart that dares,
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubtings and with tears;
But does not Hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend—a comrade dear,
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of intercourse
At length will have an end.
And when you part—as part you will—
O, take it not unkind,
That he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak, and worn, more happy are
Than all the rest, who stay;
And when, at last, poor man succumbs,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

L. L. G.

20

Independence Bell

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling." "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surge against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple might it be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunder of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron sceptered sway,
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eyes should catch the signal,
The long expected news to tell.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthened line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark, with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air,
Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shoults. "Ring, grandpa,
Ring, oh, ring for liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires, and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose!
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who bitwixt the earth and sky
Rang out, loudly, 'Independence";
Which please God, shall never die!

L. D. E.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH

Paul Dresser.

I.

'Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields
In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool;
Oftentimes my thoughts revert to scenes of childhood,
Where I first received my lessons—Nature's school.
But one thing there is missing in the picture,
Without her face it seems so incomplete;
I long to see my mother in the doorway
As she stood there years ago, her boy to greet.

II.

Many years have passed since I strolled by the river
Arm in arm with sweetheart Mary by my side;
It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,
It was there I begged of her to be my bride.
Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the churchyard,
She's sleeping there my angel Mary dear;
I loved her but she thought I didn't mean it—
Still I'd give my future were she only here.

CHORUS

Oh the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay;
Thro' the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,
On the banks of the Wabash far away.

Though sometimes dim, the quest of truth
is on each page.
With courage, like unto our forebears, we
will face
The front, pursue the truth, whatever
stormwinds rage.
Upon their mediaeval learning we have
frowned.
But earnestness they had and noble rage
to right
The wrong. Today amid the rackets that
abound
Let us arouse ourselves to measure to their
height!

All laggards fail me who in smug indifference
Look listless at the godless forces in the land:
Man grinding down his brother man, with
loud pretense,
"Ye have the poor always," as if by God's
command.

As spirits weep, so have I wept when some
had gone
From here: smooth speaking, nimble-
fingered foes of man.
But lofty pride is mine when others carry on,
That all have peace and plenty in their
earthly span.

In glad remembrance, through these hundred
years, are they
Who planned and toiled, had fortitude to
risk and dare
In fiercely fought commercial strife, so that
one day
They might bring oil to keep aflame the
torch I bear.

The artistry that makes the earth so fair
a sight,
The moon with borrowed gold, and many a
caravan
Of suns meandering along the lanes of night—
All murmur mystical assurances for man.

A just apportionment of toil's reward should
bring
To man the gift of leisure and the tender
dream,
The upward look that inward prompts the
stars to sing
The wonder of this cosmic thought-pervaded
scheme.

To subtle, syllogistic quibbles give no heed—
The thisness and the thatness of salvation's
plan.
But write across your consciousness the sacred
creed:
Man's love of God is measured by his love
of man.

How wonderful is man, how mystic human
lives,
Exalted dust that knows the thrill of
consciousness!
Of all our thoughts and deeds perhaps but
that survives
Which lifts mankind above its inborn
selfishness.

Of metaphysic certitude make no pretense;
But, silent and in awe, gaze on the cosmic
sight,
Ennobled by humility and reverence,
As science pushes back the curtains of the
night.

When you, in bitter spirit, stamp across
the stage
Of that inner theater where so many parts
you played,
May there be faith (to soften down your
childish rage)
That He who wrote the manuscript knows
well His trade.

With sorrow we behold relentless years efface
Things loved. New arts and dialectics
here will reign.
Should you return sometime, you would not
know the place.
All will be changed, all will be gone; but
I remain.

Not even I remain, and grass and trees will
grow
Where buildings stood, my name posterity
will ban,
If you, my Sons and Daughters, fail to see
and know
Which is the vanguard, which the rear, in
the march of man.

O shame that life is held to have so little
worth!
Affrighted millions gasp beneath war's bloody
heel.

Four wars your fathers fought to make a
nobler earth.
Fight now for understanding ere you fight
with steel!

I am the spirit-mother of this lovely place.
With soundless words unceasingly I speak
to you;
And you will hear my voice when all the
world seems base
(The voice within), take courage, carry
on anew.

From heights I showed you how the human
landscape lay.
With care I nursed you through the pangs of
mental birth.
Go forth, put heart into the heartless game
men play;
Go forth to justify us both to all the earth!

Other unnumbered centuries will come and go
In man's adventure on this restless grain
of dust.
Why all this learning, if we do not strive
to know
The Road, the Inn at Night, the Keeper
that we trust?

To all my own who love this place, here
learned to brood
On life, and here lit passionate fires for
noble deed
To elevate the churlish world to happier
mood—
To all my own dispersed through all the
earth, God speed!

TERRE HAUTE SUNDAY

Rambles of a Reader

—BY BRUCE R. M'CORMICK—

Books most in demand during the past week:

Herz's Book Department—"The White Monkey," by John Galsworthy; "Joseph Pulitzer: His Life and Letters," by Don C. Seitz.

Showalter's—"The Green Hat," by Michael Arlen; "Sailors' Wives," by Warner Fabian.

Craft's—"The White Monkey;" "The Thundering Herd," by Zane Grey.

"Ein Gebet"

After working for two years, during which time sentences, phrases and even words were carefully pondered and the assistance of Kuno Francke of Harvard invoked, Mrs. Meta P. Lieber of Indianapolis recently has completed a translation in German of Max Ehrmann's "A Prayer," a translation which delights the author and is said to be a work of art in itself and fully worthy of the original.

"Ein Gebet," the translation, was completed about two months ago and has delighted all of those who have had opportunity to read it. Mr. Ehrmann has expressed himself as highly gratified with the work and has praised it lavishly not only as a faithful translation of the original, but also as a perfect work of artistry in itself. The ardor and desire of the original is found in the translation, the resignation and quiet hopefulness.

For two years Mrs. Lieber was engaged in the translation. Kuno Francke, for 30 years with the Harvard German department, rendering invaluable assistance, and it is said by Mr. Ehrmann that in their correspondence regarding the translation, as many as eight letters were exchanged by Mrs. Lieber and Dr. Francke concerning the translation of even one sentence. With such conscientious devotion to the original, it could only follow that perfection of form in the German would embody also the intense spirit of "A Prayer." The prose poem has sold now more than 1,250,000 copies and its popularity is extended over all of this country and in many others. With the exception of the Lord's prayer, no prayer in English has attained such wide circulation.

The German translation, of which the copyright is held by Mr. Ehrmann's publishers, the Dodge Publishing company, follows:

Lass' mich des Tages Werk vollbringen, und wenn die dunkeln Stunden der Verzweiflung mich ereilen, mag ich der Kraft nich vergessen, die mich in her Einoede schwerer Zeiten troestate. Mag ich mich der frohen Stunden erinnern, die ich wandelnd ueber die stillen Berge meiner Kindheit, oder traeumend an dem Ufer des sanften flusses genossen, waehrend ein Lich die Stuerme der wechscheiden Jahre zu ertragen. Bewahre mich vor Bitterkeit, und vor den scharfen Leidenschaften unbewachter Augenblicke; moeg' es mir stets bewusst dass Armut und Reichtum nur des Geistes sind. Obwhol ich der Welt unbekannt, moegen meine Gedanken und Taten derart sein, mich befreundet mit mir selbst zu erhalten. Lenke aufwarts meine Blicke, und sorge dass ich nich das Hel der Sterne vergesse. Verhuete dass ich ueber Andere richts, damit ich nich selbst gerichtet werde. Lass' mich nich der laermenden Welt folgen, sondern ruhig auf meinem Pfade Wandeln. Gib mir das Herz von Freunden die mich lieben um das was ich bin, und lass' stets vor meinen irrenden Schritten die freundliche Flamme der Hoffung leuchten. Wenn auch Alter und Gebrechlichkeit mich ereilen und die Schloesser meiner Traeume mir unerreichbar bleiben, lehre mich doch fuer das Leben dankbar zu sein, wie auch fuer der Vergangenheit gold'ne Erinnerungen die mir so lieb und teuer sind, und moege die Daemmerung meines Abends mich innerlich heiter finden.

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Community Affairs File

REFERENCE
DO NOT CIRCULATE

"Ruth."

It is given only to an European to write a novel such as "The World's Illusion," the second volume of which, "Ruth," is comparable only to Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," in passage of stark horror and in the attitude held by the novelist, Jacob Wassermann. Such a novel would have been written only by an European, because it is in Europe only that humanity is so distorted and that society is so torn by acute consciousness that something is wrong. It is only there that class is so sharply divided against class and that such riotous splendor and luxury can exist side by side with such glaring poverty of material and spiritual values.

In the first volume "Eva," the life of Christian Wahnschaffe, son of an extremely wealthy German industrial baron and favorite of his family and friends, is depicted by Wasserman in all of its idleness and luxury and essential depravity, the novel turning a glaring searchlight on a civilization in process of dissolution. The first volume is built about the figure of Eva Sorel, the dancer, who in the second volume becomes a symbol of all that is corrupt and evil that can stem from a society in which satiety has become a disease. Her death is tragic, but inevitable, at the hands of Russian naval mutineers on the Crimean estate which was but one of the baubles tossed into her lap by the Grand Duke Cyril, whose mistress she was. Her death is the death of a modern Salome.

Her disillusionment is expressed by herself when, just before the end, her attendant comments on her great beauty. "Beauty?" the dancer asks, "Beauty? You would cheat me of my deep perceptions with your talk of beauty. I know nothing of beauty. If it indeed be a real thing, it is without blessing. No, do not speak of beauty. I have reached out after too much in too short a time, robbed too much, used too much, wasted too much—men and souls and given pledges."

The utter renunciation by Wahnschaffe of his past life, his complete break with family and friends, through his association with Ruth, comprises the second volume, in which, as in the previous volume, move as in a kaleidoscope characters briefly illumined but accurately and fully drawn. There is a religious fervor underlying Wasserman's sentences that is found also in Dostoevsky and all of the Russian's horror, searching psychological insight and power, is present, but without morbidness.

Christian says to his father, who makes one final, despairing effort to reclaim and reconcile his son: "You wanted to fetter me through my inheritance, you sought to buy me with it. I came to see that one must escape that snare. I could not be your heir, I could not continue what you had begun, so I was in a snare. All whom I knew lived in delight and all lived in guilt, yet though there was so much guilt no one was guilty. There was, in fact, a fundamental mistake in the whole structure of life."

Later he declares, also to his father: "You do not truly see me; the father no longer sees the son. The world of the sons must rise up against the world of the fathers, if any change is to be wrought." And as Wahnschaffe vanishes from the lives of his family and friends in order to obviate their "embarrassment," he says: "I want to sink, to sleep, to hide, to bury myself in the life of man." It is a long, sad novel, yet full of joyousness and hope, a [illegible]

Ehrmann Max

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This is a very strongly developed study in heredity. The story begins in Cambridge among a set of Harvard men. The interest centers in Henry Van Abering, whose peculiar temper often gets him into trouble. One night at cards he and Avonill, a fellow student, quarrel. Van Abering's temper carries him away. A duel is arranged for. It takes place one night on Castle Island and Avonill is wounded and taken to the hospital.

Van Abering disappears. The student telling the story is summoned to New York by the mother of his friend, who asks him to hunt Abering up. While in New York he visits Greenwood cemetery with the mother and sister of Van Abering. And he is greatly interested in the tombstone of the girl's great-grand-father, which reads:

Erected to the Memory of
Guido Andreas Von Abering.
Born 1602,
Died 1859.
"None but the brave deserve the fair."

◆◆◆◆

Upon this hangs the whole point of the story and the mysterious tombstone later solves the mystery of Van Abering's wild and often brutal temper.

The plot of the story is skillfully constructed and well worked out. All the main incidents are dramatically conceived. The story told by the old man about the "Holy Cross" is absorbingly interesting and wierd for its own sake apart from the connection with the story.

The characterization is especially well done, particularly in the main characters. Although the minor ones are by no means forgotten. Van Abering and Avonill stand out very strongly. The old major and his wife receive some very good touches.

The descriptive passages are often striking.

The scene of the dueling on Castle Island is well told.

The descriptive passages in the old man's story are particularly good and one is made to feel the atmosphere vividly. The study of the problem of heredity is what makes the story most interesting and this is cleverly and intelligently worked out.

There are three short stories following:

"The Mystery of Love", "Why some schoolmistresses Don't Marry," and "Mary" "Mary" is a very touching little sketch. The author is rather hard on schoolmistresses in the second story and it may be questioned whether he is right in this particular.

Following these stories are several sketches. "In the House of Contentment" deals with an old subject in a novel and original way. There are many fine passages in it. I will quote two passages which seem to me particularly good:

"It seems as if we had been asleep from the beginning of time in the semi conscious cradle of infancy (for we cannot remember when we were not) and one day awakening suddenly from this lethargy, we looked out at the window for a moment and then fell back again to doze in the morning of eternity. And this moment was life!"

"Whenever I hear the slow and solemn steps of Chopin's "Funeral March" I am not so much reminded of the exit of one mortal from the world as of the death and burial of humanity itself. There they come, the hoary giants marching down the corridors of time toward the generation in which I live, and soon they will stand before it as they have stood before every other. The entombed and rolling echo of their steps is now drowning the petty voices and fames of generations that have been and will soon delegate us to the same speechless oblivion."

It is a pity that the author saw fit to end this good sketch by an unnecessary personal allusion which mars the effect.

The other sketches are "At Commencement Time," "Some few impressions of Harvard" and "Prose Poetry and Symbolism." The first two are pleasant sketches of college life.

In the latter after a very good introduction the author has tried his hand at studies in symbolism, but whether they are to be regarded as a specimen of the work of Maeterlinck, Bliss Connor, Gilbert Parker and Wm. Sharp, the reader must judge for himself.

"What the Night Said" is certainly a striking sketch, although a bit conventional.

The author's style as a whole is good, although somewhat uneven. Sometimes he writes with great fluency and ease, and then in the same article will suddenly change and become stilted and unnecessarily formal. However this is a fault easily overcome.

The book is certainly a very promising one. The stories and sketches show a knowledge of human nature and are an intelligent criticism of it. Every one of the articles is interesting, and one is not likely to put the book down before reading it through. You feel that in spite of the occasional unevenness of style and divergence in matters of taste, that you are dealing with a man who writes promptly and with insight in studies of life and character.

With this admirable little book to start with Mr. Ehrmann ought to do very fine work in the future.

Ehrmann, Max

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Personal Glimpses

ADLAI Stevenson's Christmas card this year was to have been a quote from *Desiderata* by Max Ehrmann. Stevenson read it to *Encyclopaedia Britannica* publisher William Benton, a member of UNESCO's executive board, just before they left for Europe. It begins: "Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly, and listen to others, even to the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world." —Leonard Lyons

ARTIST Georgia O'Keeffe, when asked if her success required self-discipline, answers simply: "You decide on the kind of person you want to be, and then you get at it. It's like a habit of neatness."

—Ralph Looney in *The Atlantic Monthly*

WHEN Gen. George S. Patton was notified that a certain general had been assigned to him, he rushed to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower's headquarters to protest that he wouldn't take such an incompetent. Eisenhower told him that it was a *fait accompli*.

Patton's fears were justified. The man made such a mess of things that Eisenhower came to Patton to protest that Patton would have to relieve him.

"No, I'm not going to do that, not now," said Patton.

"But just a little while ago you told me you wouldn't have him on a bet," replied Eisenhower.

"True. But he was one of *your* generals then. Now he's one of mine. I'll straighten him out myself."

—George Murnane, quoted by Fred Ayer, Jr., in *Before the Colors Fade* (Houghton Mifflin)

LONG after the John D. Rockefeller and Samuel Andrews combination had metamorphosed into the Standard Oil Co. and profits had grown into the millions, cost figures were still carried to three decimal places. One day Rockefeller was watching one of his plants' production lines, where cans of finished oil were being soldered shut. "How many drops of solder do you use on each can?" he inquired. The answer was 40. "Have you ever tried 38? No? Would you mind having some sealed with 38 and let me know?" A few cans leaked with 38, but with 39 all were perfect. A couple of thousand dollars a year was saved.

—Robert L. Heilbroner in *American Heritage*

FRANCIS Cardinal Spellman often spends his Christmas overseas with the armed forces. On one visit a colonel was showing his distinguished guest the maps and photographs of some recent action when an interoffice speaker clicked on and a voice came through, saying, "There's a little fellow in a clergyman's collar coming over to see you. Give him the two-dollar show."

The colonel informed the voice that the Cardinal was already there and the speaker suddenly clicked off. The

Max Ehrmann: A Poet's Life

Of special interest to many persons in Terre Haute is the book, "Max Ehrmann: A Poet's Life" by Mrs. Bertha K. Ehrmann, published last week and now in the local book stores. Published by Bruce Humphries, Inc. of Boston this is a handsome blue volume stamped in silver and with a dignified grey jacket.

Here is an interesting record of the life and writings of Max Ehrmann. There is much of Terre Haute in this book and the many local references will be of great interest. However, the book has much more significance in showing the wide range of recognition given his work and above all the inspiring thoughts and message of Max Ehrmann for these days.

Much of the material in the book is taken from his Journal in which he wrote for over twenty years. Here in his own words are his thoughts on literature, religion, philosophy, in fact all life, but he never imposed his opinions on others. Mrs. Ehrmann has said in the preface to this book: "I have desired that the lovers of inspiring and courageous literature should know the kind of man who lived among them—that 'things old and precious through association and memory and experience' might be kept for the country he loved so well."

Not only many men and women in the city who admired Max Ehrmann will want this book but many persons will wish to send it to friends of Max Ehrmann now living away from Terre Haute.

Copies of originals loaned to the library for copying by Mrs. Henry Gray, Greenbriar Apts Dixie Bee (Gray)

For Mrs. Gray

Romantic Story of Copy of Max Ehrmann's Poems Cherished by Ellen Terry, Famous English Actress

THIS is the story of the romantic adventures of a copy of "The Poems of Max Ehrmann," how it traveled over the United States and Europe, lived in artistic society for nearly twenty years in London, and then returned to Terre Haute.

It is just twenty years since Ellen Terry, the famous English actress, made her last American tour. On a wall of one of her dressing rooms some one had pasted some verses by Max Ehrmann. She liked them and told a member of her company. This member of her company wrote Mr. Ehrmann and he sent Ellen Terry a copy of his book of poems. In her own hand she wrote Max Ehrmann a beautiful letter, which was published, facsimile, in The Spectator, September, 1907.

Ellen Terry carried the copy of the poems with her on her American and European tours, and then for nearly twenty years the book became a part of her permanent library in England. When the famous actress died her belongings were sold. The books of her private library were advertised for sale by Thomas Thorp of London and Guilforth, England. Mrs. Henry Gray saw the London catalogue and bought the book, which is now in her library at Allendale.

Thus ends the adventures of a book of poems. Mrs. Gray says that Ellen Terry must have been fond of the book, for many pages are turned down and marked.

A FARRAGO BY MAX EHRMANN.

A Volume of Stories by Our Talented Townsman.

It is Issued by a Cambridge, Mass., Publishing Co.--The Scope of the Book.

"A Farrago" is the title of a neatly bound volume just issued from the co-operative Publishing Company of Cambridge, Mass. The author is Max Ehrmann, a Terre Hautean, to the manor born, with whose success in the field of literature his fellow townsmen are familiar and in whose success they take a pardonable pride.

The book is composed of several stories and sketches, the longest of which is "The Blood of the Holy Cross,"

MAX EHRMANN.

Ehrmann's Poems

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier in its page of book reviews has the following to say of the late book of poems by Mr. Max Ehrmann, of this city:

"The volume includes a complete collection of the shorter poems by Mr. Ehrmann, who as a lecturer, epigram writer and philosopher has been before the public frequently enough to have made many sincere admirers who will eagerly welcome the long expected appearance of the book. Mr. Ehrmann's work, picturesque as its author, is unique. He is as much like Walt Whitman as any other writer except, perhaps, that his work is more intelligible. The note of apparent egoism that runs through his work would be painful were it not so sincerely frank. As a writer of philosophic prose-poems, rich in epigrams, Mr. Ehrmann is a master craftsman. Through the poems runs the high desire to rid the laborer of oppressions and the human heart of its burdens. The book is a rare combination of good poetry, better philosophy and the best of philanthropy. The volume is a reflection of Max Ehrmann the man, a personage well worth knowing and loving, and it should make him many new friends."

ERRE HAUTE AUTHOR WHO IS FORGING TO THE FRONT

MAX EHRMANN.

hrmann, the Terre Haute author, dy coming to the front in the ranks he literary men of this country to- and his more recent work is being sought by the magazines and publishers. The following poem was published in the February number of "The Comrade," a New York magazine, devoted to life, labor and literature:

America-1904.

Lincoln, rise up from out thy tomb today,
Thou lover of the lives of common men.
America has work for thee again.
Here women want in sight of wealth's display,
Men grinds his brother down and holds a sway
As in the times of bloody lash and den,
Same now the flesh is white not black as then.
In toiling holes young girls grow old, decay.
Though thou art dead, could but thy soul return
In one who loved his fellow men as thou,
Instead of greed that we might justice learn,
Love character in place of gold as now,
Write far across our native land's sweet soil,
"Here none shall live upon another's toil."

For the past year or more Mr. Ehrmann has been devoting most of his time to a new departure in his literary work in which he has shown a great degree of originality. His new book, "Breaking Home Ties," will soon be issued by the Dodge Publishing company of New York, the idea of the book being derived from the picture of that title. The book will be handsomely illustrated by a New York artist. Mr. Ehrmann read the book last year before the Terre Haute Literary club, at which time it attracted much attention.

PEACE—A POEM

Read By Its Author, Max Ehrmann, at the World Court Meeting, Addressed by Hamilton Holt, January 13.

MAX EHRMANN.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The guns are still, the dead sleep on,
The blind and crippled walk the streets.
Bereaved hearts bright colors don,
Again the pulse of factories beats;
Nightmares and grimy days have fled,
Forgotten are the dead.

Around the world from every land
The prayers and pleadings never cease—
For swords and men. Nay, heart and hand
To build the dream eternal peace.
Disdainfully we speak reproof;
Proudly we stand aloof.

Was it indifference that sent
Our sons the tides of war to stem?
Through flaming fields and blood they went.
Shall we not keep our faith with them
Whose bodies lie on foreign leas
Or toss in many seas?

The keen, cold sword the flesh will feel,
If once again the world shall quake,
And men back to the jungle steal.
O, countrymen, the hour to stake
Our all is here, lest grim alarms
Again shriek out, "To Arms!"

A question burns within man's breast:
In bloody wars shall man expire—
Or by the arts of peace be blessed
That lift his soul forever higher?
My countrymen, stand forth and give
Your answer, "Peace shall live!"

MAX EHRMANN.

EHRMANN, MAX

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Mrs. Henry Gray

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Ehrmann, Max

Poet Riley (An Appreciation by Max Ehrmann)

MAX EHRMANN.

Max Ehrmann a few years ago wrote an appreciative sonnet to James Whitcomb Riley, while in Indianapolis. Mr. Ehrmann introduced Mr. Riley before a large audience in the capital city and later spent an evening with him. The work of the two Hoosier poets is of an entirely different nature, the poet of childhood holding practically entirely to the lyrical style, which is not attempted by Terre Haute's poet.

Riley, according to Mr. Ehrmann, is even greater as an actor than as a writer and a great part of the charm of his works lies in the interpretation given them in his own readings. Mr. Ehrmann has on display at the L. D. Smith store a copy of the first book published by Riley, a modest volume, issued at his own expense in 1883. He also recalls the early days when Eugene V. Debs used to bring Riley to Terre Haute for readings before his reputation had become established. More than once, he said, Mr. Debs had to go down into his own pocket to pay the deficit.

The tribute of the Terre Haute man to his fellow poet, written after a most enjoyable evening with him in Indianapolis, is as follows:

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Say, sir, who gave to you the key of hearts
That childhood holds within its bubbling breast,
And aged, care-worn men, and all the rest
Of that strange stream of wanderers that darts
Now to and fro on life's wide way, and starts
With tears and lingering smiles and oft is blessed
By simple words of yours that bring them rest
Their daylight from the falling evening parts?

Who taught you all the music of the spring,
The tangles of the meadow's bending grass,
The luring fumes of blooming orchard pass,
The sounds, the sighs and smiles the seasons bring,
The moon-lit evening joys of lad and lass—
Say, sir, tell me who taught you how to sing?

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Ehrmann, Max

PAMPHLET

Peace Shall Live

By MAX EHRMANN.

THE guns are still, the dead sleep on,
The blind and crippled walk the streets,
Bereaved hearts bright colors don,
Again the pulse of factories beats;
Forgotten are the dead.

AROUND the world from every land,
The prayers and pleading never cease—
For swords and men? Nay, heart and hand
To build the dream—eternal peace.
Disdainfully we speak reproof;
Proudly we stand aloof.

WAS it indifference that sent
Our sons the tides of war to stem?
Through flaming fields and blood they went.
Shall we not keep our faith with them
Whose bodies lie on foreign leas
Or toss in many seas?

THE keen, cold sword the flesh will feel,
If once again the world shall quake
And men back to the jungle steal.
O countrymen, the hour to stake
Our all is here, lest grim alarms
Again shriek out, "To arms!"

A QUESTION burns within man's breast:
In bloody wars shall man expire—
Or by the arts of peace be blessed
That lift his soul forever higher?
My countrymen, stand forth and give
Your answer, "Peace shall live!"

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MAX EHRMAN

The Beloved Dead

HOW peaceful lie the dead! Why do we weep, since they mourn not? Well-beaten is the path they take into the great unknown. We follow them a little way, till dusk to darkness turns, then parting wave farewell. We do not know what waits their journey's end, but as we trust the sun will rise each morn, so we trust that the mystery of life and death one day will be explained, and we shall be content. Farewell, thou gentle sleeper — perhaps not forever; soon we too shall pass out of the beautiful earth. In faith's bright hours, the ever-dawning, deathless hope of all the ages tells us that somehow we shall know thee again. We speak in earthly symbols; we know not the language of the country beyond life. Art thou already seated near the helmsman of the universe, in wonder cruising some celestial sea of worlds? Dost thou with kindly memory still look upon our little earth? And wilt thou sometimes think of us, remembering happy hours we spent together in this radiant sun-kissed world? Thus shall we not be all alone; for often thou wilt come to us and we shall see thee by our side, and in the stillness hear thy voice. Speak to us in spirit whispers, when sorrow bears us down! Thy placid face now tells us not to grieve, for peace is thine. Farewell, thou gentle sleeper. How still thou art!

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Mrs. Max Ehrman
Terre Haute, Ind.

Max Ehrman

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EHRMANN, MAX

TERRE HAUTE

What place is lovelier than Terre Haute:
The foliage of her many trees,
That trembles as the cooling breezes float
Across the grain fields' yellow seas?

The gentle river that caressing sings
Past shop and mill and waving corn,
Each day some happy inspiration brings;
Each day a thousand hopes are born.

Here workers wend their way to pleasant homes;
And students spend romantic days.
Here lofty spires and gilded domes
Reach up to touch the sun's last rays.

Here many a youth and maid their faith have kept,
Labored, lived happily, grown gray.
Here bolder ones with keener eyes have crept
To paths where fame and fortune lay.

Vast growing fields and treasures in the ground,
Art, learning, too, here find abode;
And many a forward-looking son has found
The gifts the gods have here bestowed.

What various aspirations man pursues!
It matters not what visions lure,
Here may ambition all its talent use;
Here is the world in miniature.

THIS POEM DEDICATED TO THE CITY OF TERRE HAUTE, JANUARY 1, 1922, BY KIWANIAN MAX EHRMANN

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INDIANA.

THIS poem was written by Max Ehrmann during the year of 1922. Mr. Ehrmann says that he thinks that the right date was October 11th, or 12th. On June 12th, it was read by the then Governor Warren T. McCray at a banquet by the Indiana Club of New York City at the McAlpin hotel. It was reprinted in the New York Times, and has since reappeared in a number of the foremost literary journals of the country. The poem has been broadcast a number of times.—Editor's Note.

MAX EHRMANN.

INDIANA.

MAX EHRMANN.

The pioneers lie in their earthen beds.
Still lives their dauntless faith to do and dare,
In cities that lift high their lofty heads,
In busy towns that prosper everywhere.

What sturdy men have plowed these fertile fields,
Here in this land where pleasant rivers run—
Where wayside flowers, forests, harvest yields
Are nursed by never-failing rain and sun!

A toiling, peaceful life this people leads,
Not moved by red rebellion's scarlet leer,
Nor whirlwinds shouting sophomoric creeds.
The turmoils of the world touch lightly here.

If in some future time our country fall
On rocks of evil days, this middle land
Will lift her up, her sanity recall,
And bind her wounds as with a mother's hand.

For here we know no sections, east or west,
Or north or south. Here the the people bound
By many sacred ties to all the rest.
Here is the heartbeat of the nation sound.

Dear Indiana, always, as of old,
Keep thou thy soul unsullied as the sea,
Despising tyrants, whether mobs or gold—
Compassionate mother of a people free.

EHRMANN, MAX

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EHRMANN, MAX

ATES NEW POEM
TO GOVERNOR WARREN T. M'CRAY

INDIANA

(Dedicated to Governor Warren T. McCray.)

By Max Ehrmann

The pioneers lie in their earthen beds.
Still show their faith and brawn to do and dare,
In cities that lift high their lofty heads,
In pleasant towns that prosper everywhere.

What sturdy men have plowed these fertile fields,
Here in this land where pleasant rivers run—
Where wayside flowers, forests, harvest yields
Are nursed by never-failing rain and sun!

A toiling, peaceful life this people leads,
Not moved by red rebellion's scarlet leer,
Nor whirlwinds shouting out sophmoric creeds.
The world's turmoils touch us but lightly here.

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The House of Fortune

HOW heartless is the strife of men to enter the doorway of the house of fortune. But the great triumph is to stand cheerfully outside and serve, though the coveted doorway open ever and anon to them of lesser virtue, and to grow old meanwhile, with face turned toward the golden west, watching the last sunset, loving, hoping, and believing still, and through the mist of the world, to see yet the god of your youth, but grown gentler and more compassionate, as you yourself are gentler and more compassionate. After all, is not this to have entered the doorway, and to have dwelt in the house of fortune?

Max Ehrmann

EHRMANN, MAX

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More Than The Dust

How wonderful is man, how mystic human lives,
Exalted dust that knows the thrill of consciousness!
Of all our thoughts and deeds perhaps but that survives,
Which lifts mankind above its inborn selfishness.

The artistry that makes the earth so fair a sight,
The moon with borrowed gold, and many a caravan
Of suns meandering along the lanes of night—
All murmur mystical assurances to man.

When you, in bitter spirit, stamp across the stage
Of that inner theater where so many parts you played,
May there be faith (to soothe your amateurish rage)
That He who wrote the manuscript knows well His trade.

To subtle, syllogistic quibbles give no heed—
The thisness and the thatness of salvation's plan.
But write across your consciousness the sacred creed:
Man's love of God is measured by his love of man.

Of metaphysic certitude make no pretense;
But, silent and in awe, gaze on the cosmic sight,
Ennobled by humility and reverence,
As science pushes back the curtains of the night.

Other unnumbered centuries will come and go
In man's adventure on this restless grain of dust.
Why all this learning, if we do not strive to know
The Road, the Inn at Night, the Keeper that we trust?

From DePauw Centennial Ode
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Max Ehrmann

EHRMANN, MAX

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EHRMANN, MAX

Wake Up, My Countrymen!

The thing that is now happening in Europe is neither a football game nor a boxing match. It is the cold-blooded endeavor of a particular nation to murder every other nation and to take its property. It is the foulest page in history. Not the wars of Alexander, nor Caesar, nor Napoleon can compare with it in horror. It was conceived by intellectual idiots and is executed by moral maniacs. It is as if I wanted my neighbor's property, and, on a dark night, stole into his house, cut his throat, and robbed him. That is exactly what the German nation has done. No, not exactly! The German nation not only has killed and robbed the man; it also has made a slave of his son, murdered his wife, and outraged his daughters.

If Germany succeeds, this war will be but the prelude to ever fresh and bloodier wars, and these first years will be but the scarlet dawn of The Red Ages. If Germany succeeds, it will not be long before she will shed our blood in our own doorways. She will fall upon us in an unsuspecting hour, as she fell upon Europe in the night. That is what this war means!

We have undertaken to stop the assassins; to kill the mad dogs; to render powerless the poison-brained master assassin, who still has all his own sons. We have a chance to succeed, if every man backs the soldiers with his time and money. If not, then farewell to liberty and peace! There will be twenty years of bloodshed, as in the days of Napoleon. Boys now in their mothers' arms will be reared to kill and be killed. The main function of young women will be to raise up more cannon fodder. Famine and the agony of wounds will be in every home! Every tender, modest, cherished thing in life will be smeared with blood! The sight of horrible cripples and the stink of wounds will crush our hearts and wreck our brains.

Is this picture overdrawn? Look at Europe today! It will be our turn next!

Wake up, my countrymen!

MAX EHRMANN.

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MAY EHRMANN

BIRTHDAY

Today, Sept. 26, is the birthday of the late Max Ehrmann, poet and author. The Tribune has had a request for his poem, "Birthday," which is reproduced herewith:

BIRTHDAY.

Midnight.
I have been sitting by my table a long time.
The world has gone to sleep.
No sound disturbs the stillness.
Old friends look again through the windows of my consciousness;
Old experiences touch the cords of feeling.
Again I walk briskly along the years.
Time's gentle hands have smoothed the troubled face of youth.
Sin concerns me no longer, for in nature I read the laws of my body, and in myself the laws for my soul.
The thorn bushes of olden waysides bear at last the sweet wild rose.
Though I have not come to the mountain top of my early hope, I sit now and then at the sunlit foothills.
Looking back over the clouded bogs along the way I came, I see now that the sun is shining there also.
Hardship and bitterness are gone.
Here at the foothills I sit a tired traveler, remembering and sometimes content.
I have forgotten the pain of beautiful unrealities; I recall only the joy.
In the twilight chamber of memory I sit with her who bore me.
I hear again soft words out of the dim years.
Life is the fear of a shadow and the wonder at a star in a dream;
It is the froth of storm waves and the glitter of the moon on trembling water.
I sit by my light and think.
The world around me sleeps.
Mystical night.
All is still.
Another year.

MAX EHRMANN.